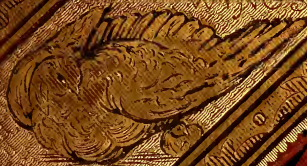


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AS A
HEN
CATHERED
HER CHICK-
ENS UNDER
HER WINGS



JESUS,

LOVER of my SOUL

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

JESUS.
LOVER.
OF MY.
SOUL.

NOT ONE OF THEM SHALL FALL TO THE
GROUND WITHOUT YOUR FATHER.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

BY
✓
CHARLES WESLEY.

DESIGNS BY ROBERT LEWIS.

ENGRAVED BY WM. J. DANA.

He also will be a refuge....in times of trouble.—Ps. 9: 9.



BOSTON:
D. LOTHROP & CO.

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C. A. HACK AND SON, PRINTERS,
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P R E F A C E.

EMINENT among godly women was Susannah, the mother of John and Charles Wesley. Each of her celebrated sons inherited from her his characteristic gifts. She gave to John the judgment, energy and will which made him the great commander ; to Charles, the feminine tenderness and fervid feeling which made him the sweet psalmist. The most obvious fact in her life was her rare devotion to her children. They repaid her with deep filial tenderness.

Charles was her youngest son. The others kissed their mother, but Charles clave unto her. Had his affection for her been less, or had she less deserved it, the hymn reprinted in this little book could not have been written. It was possible because its author saw interpreted in his mother the care of Christ, and had eyes to read the interpretation.

It may be that the sight of a dove pursued by a hawk suggested the opening lines. But the origin of the hymn is deeper. Its germ was planted in the cradle ; its roots grew through childhood ; they were

PREFACE.

watered by dear hands that helped and fond lips that prayed, until when the man had come to see in his Saviour "more than all" the child had experienced in his mother, they bore these leaves of healing and fruit of life. This was the soil which gave the hymn its preciousness to all God's children, and made it what Dr. Cuyler has truthfully named it, the dearest "heart hymn in the English tongue." We love it because it helps us turn to God in our tribulations as we ran to our mothers when we thought they were omnipotent.

When Mrs. Wesley lay dying she said, "My children, as soon as my spirit is released, sing a song of praise to God." It was possible for her children to obey her wish, because Charles had already taught them to hear the heart that seemed quieted forever still beating in the bosom of Christ. He has taught us to do the same. And therefore—in spite of a sadness such as might seem ill-befitting the most radiant period of the year—I think this hymn appropriate for Christmas. For this is the season when most the hearts of the fathers are turned toward the children and the children towards the fathers, and family affection is felt to be the only true interpreter of the heart of Christ.

It is pleasant to remember how others have been

PREFACE.

sustained by the words we love so well. The illustrations help us here. Two of them are simply records of facts. One shows us the mother with her child found floating on some fragment of wreck in the English channel by rescuing sailors who paused with balanced oar to listen as she sang unconscious of their approach :

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

Another tells of the New England drummer found dead in the morning between the union and the rebel battle lines—in the place whence through the night the soldiers of both armies had heard the same sweet song coming to their ears out of the darkness.

Between the merry sparrows twittering amid spring grasses and the woman kneeling in the winter of her sins are all experiences through which men pass from happiness to agony, from innocence to guilt. But he who watches the sparrows himself unseen, stands visible beside the weeping outcast, and teaches her who has lost all to find in him “more than all.”

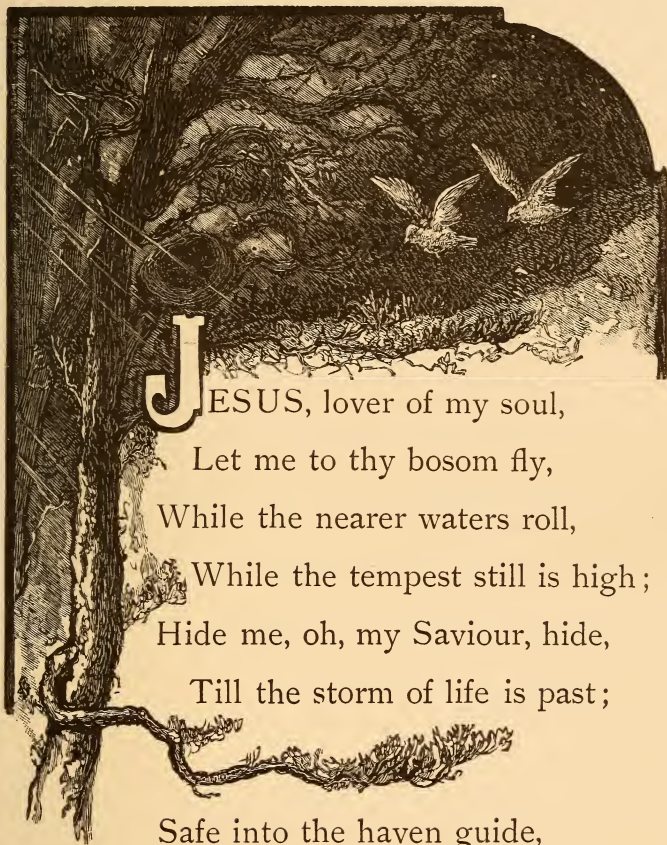
However deep may be our sorrows, however black our sins, may this hymn help us to see Christ still beside us and to find in him grace, mercy and peace.

WILLIAM BURNETT WRIGHT.

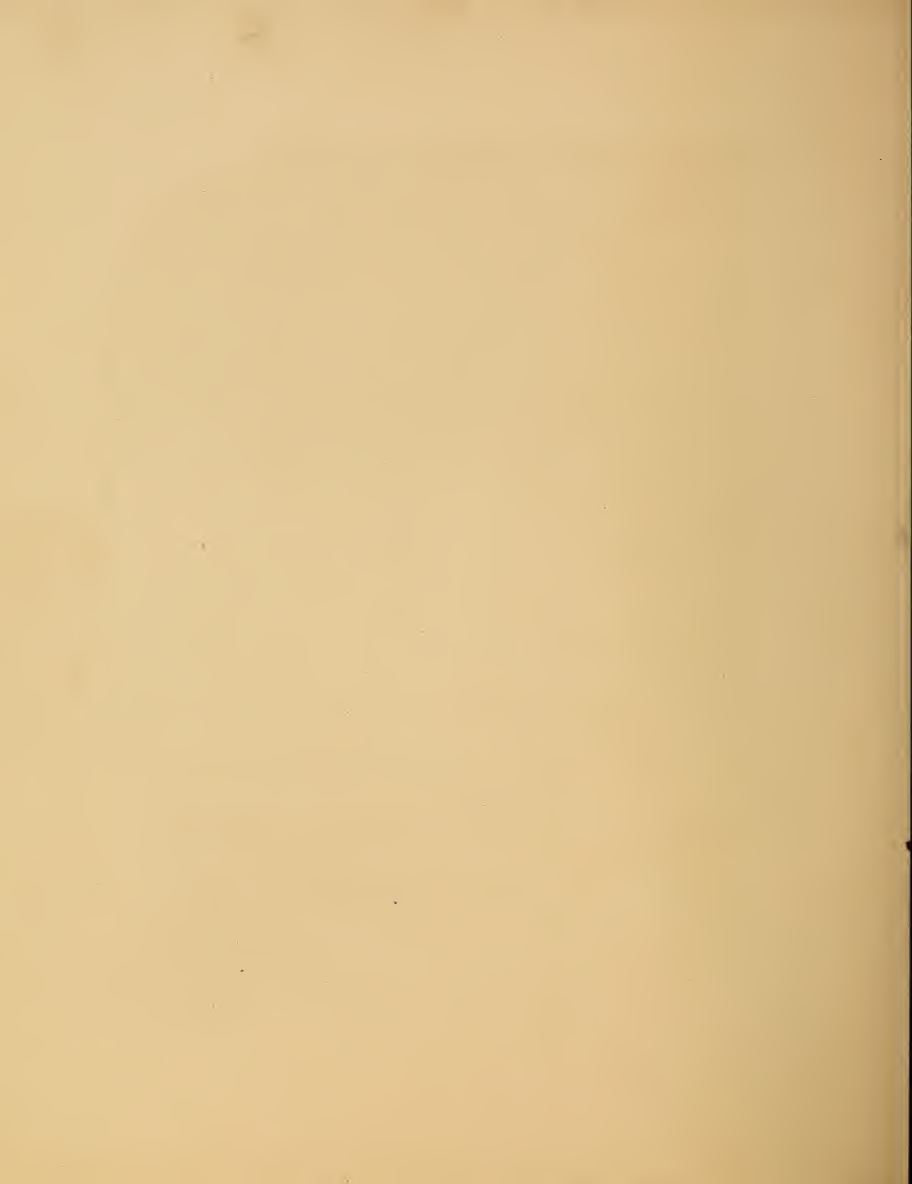




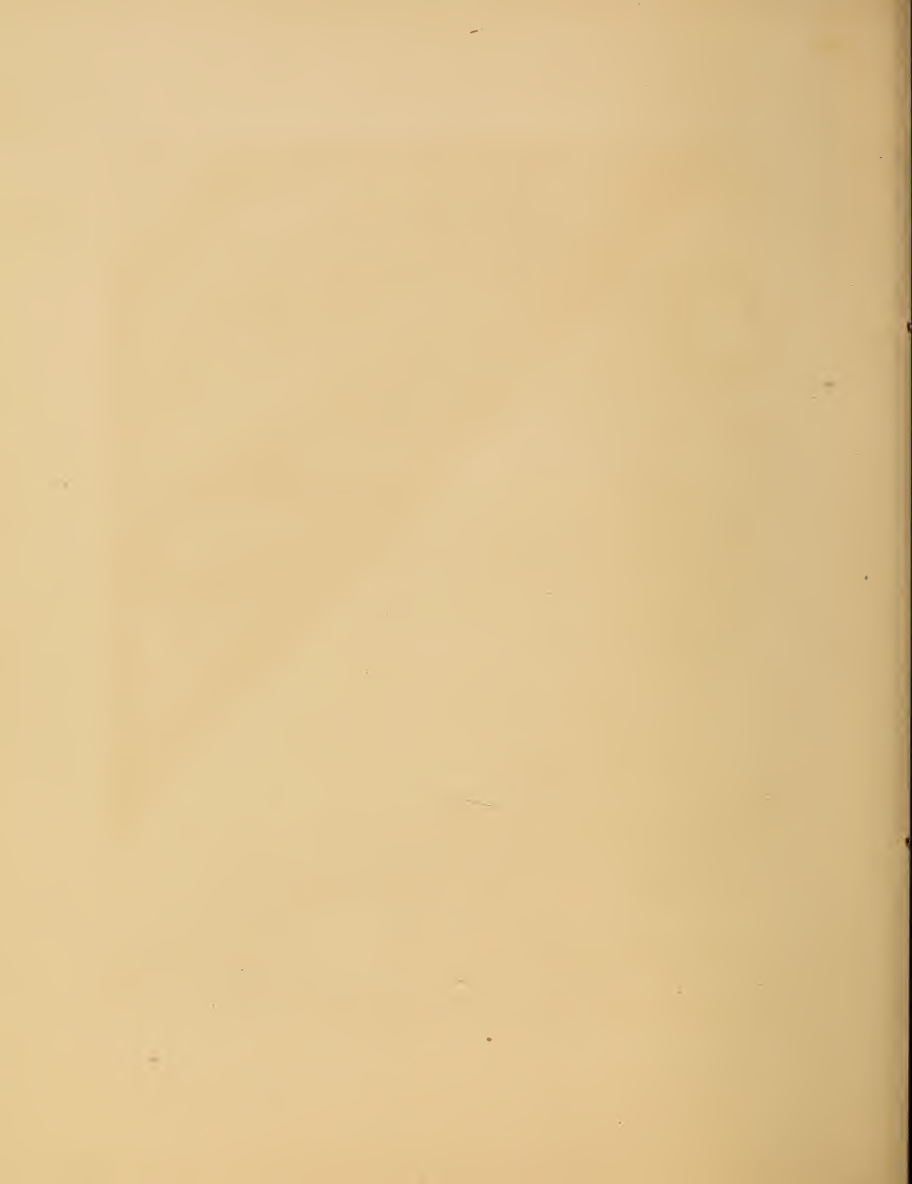


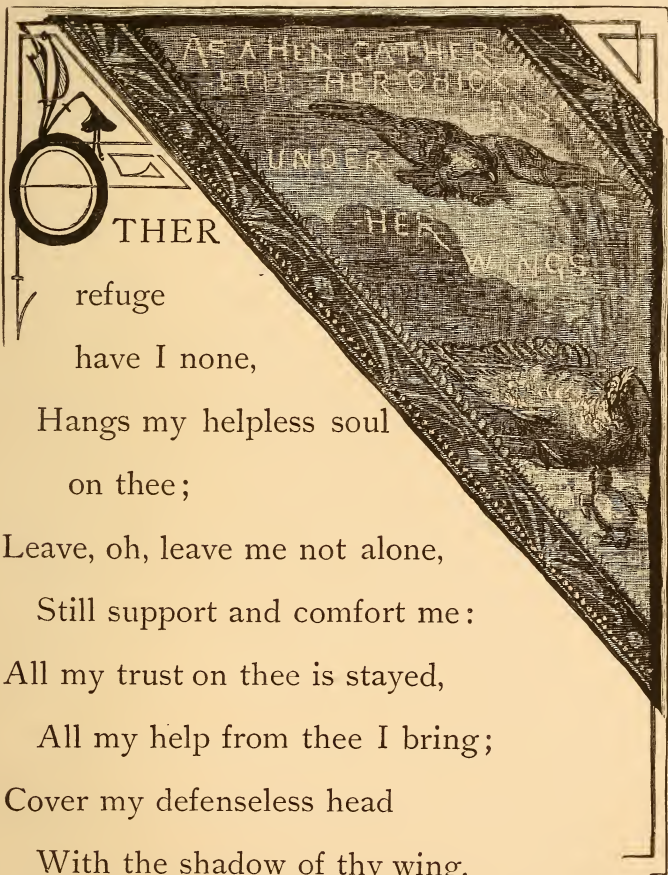


JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last

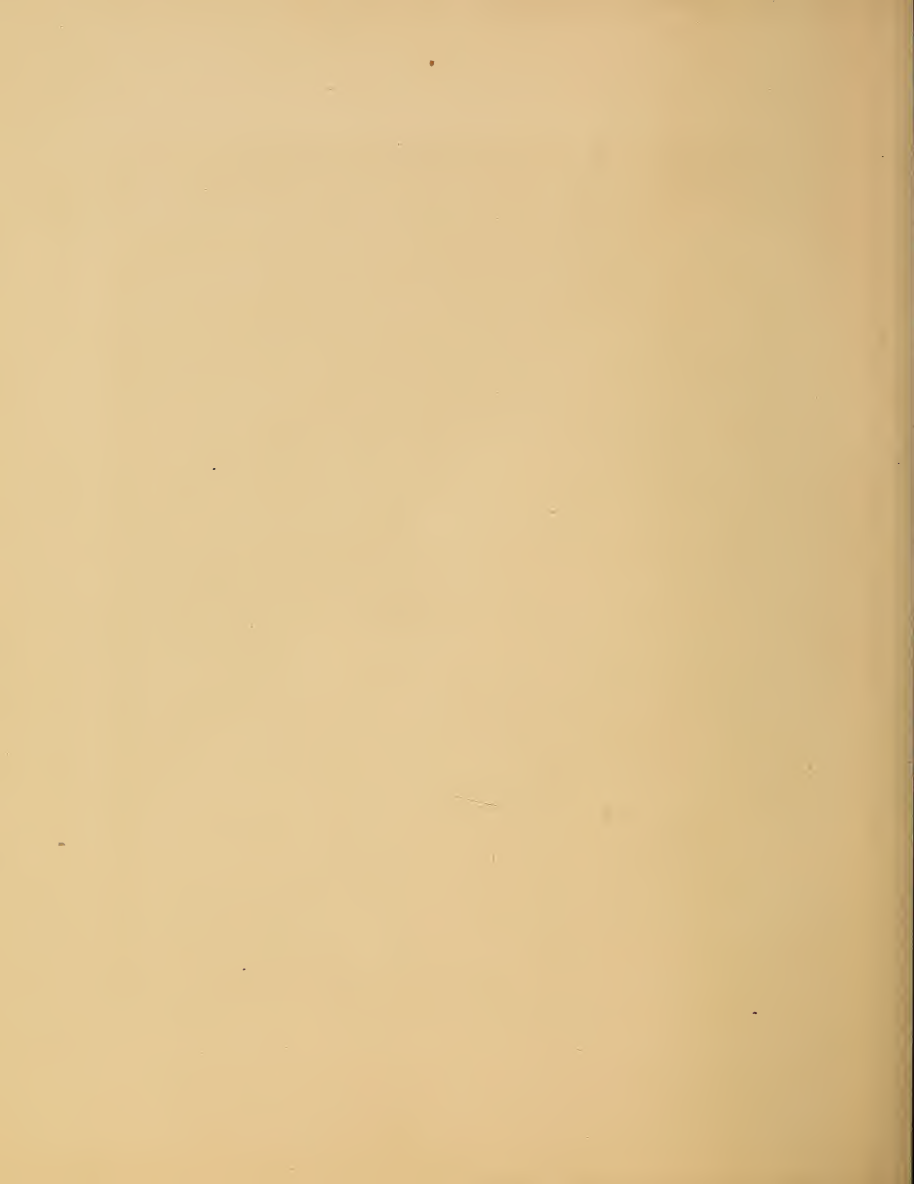








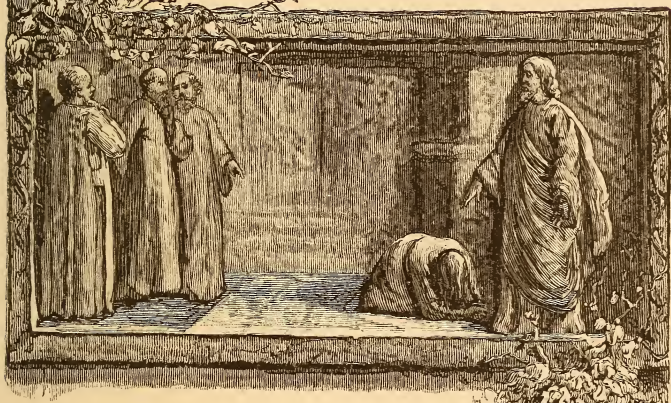
REFUGE
have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul
on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.



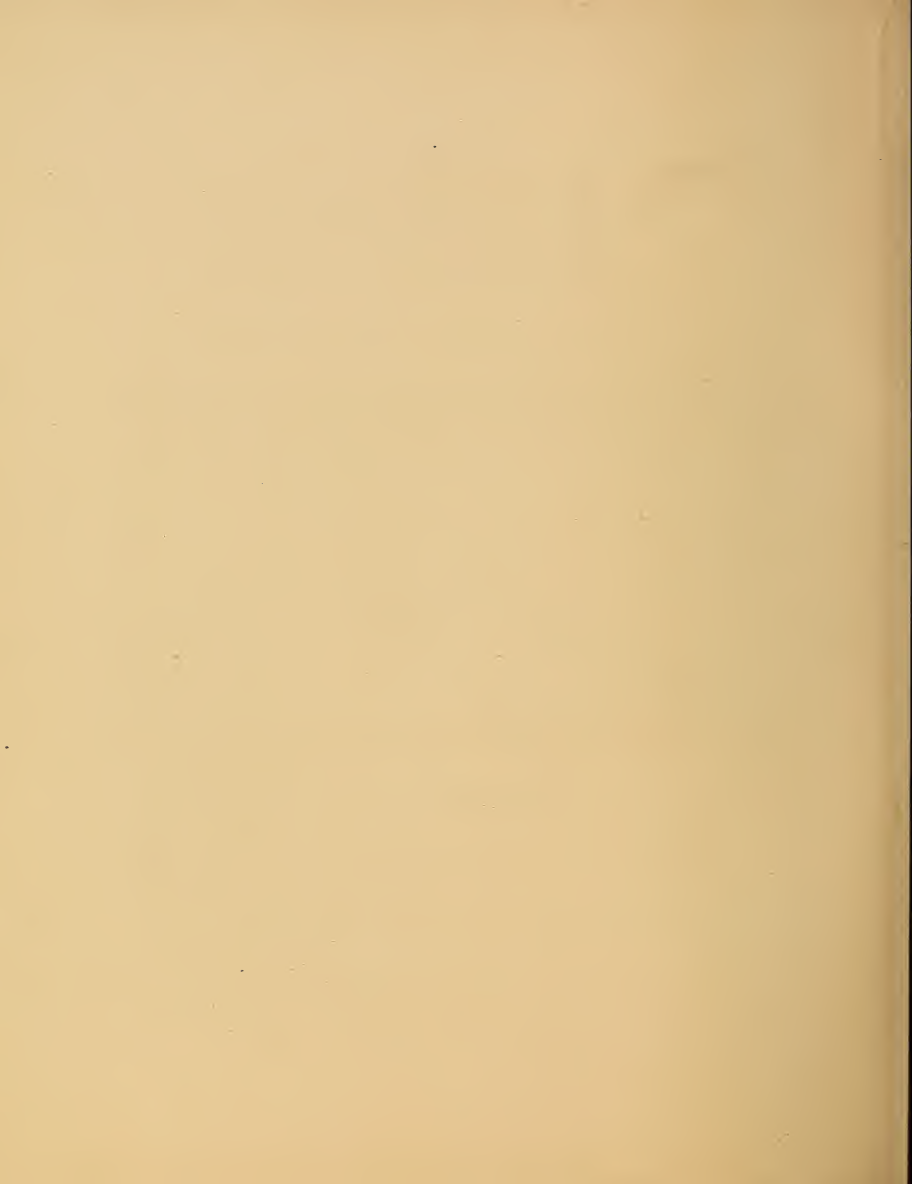




HOU, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,



Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.









PLENTEOUS
grace with thee is
found,

Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams
abound;

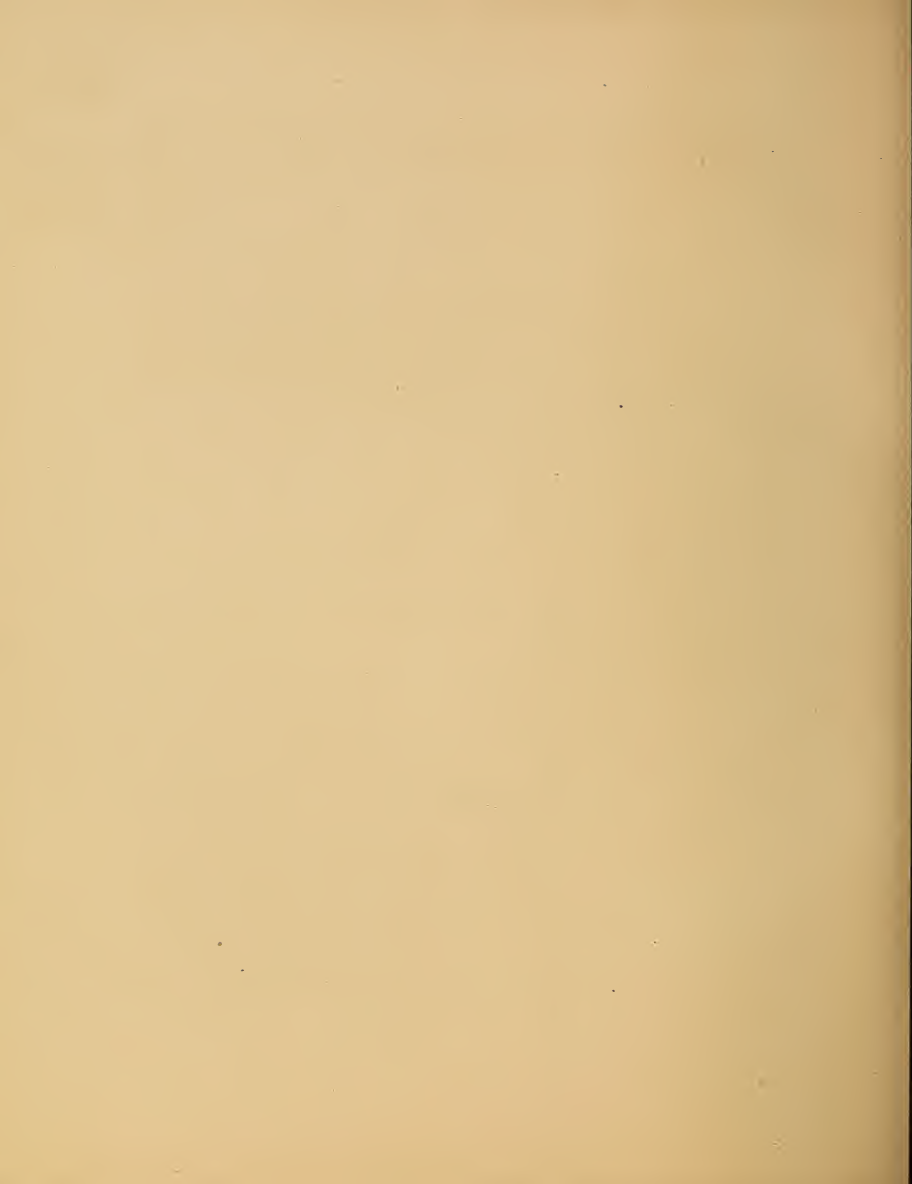
Make me, keep me, pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,

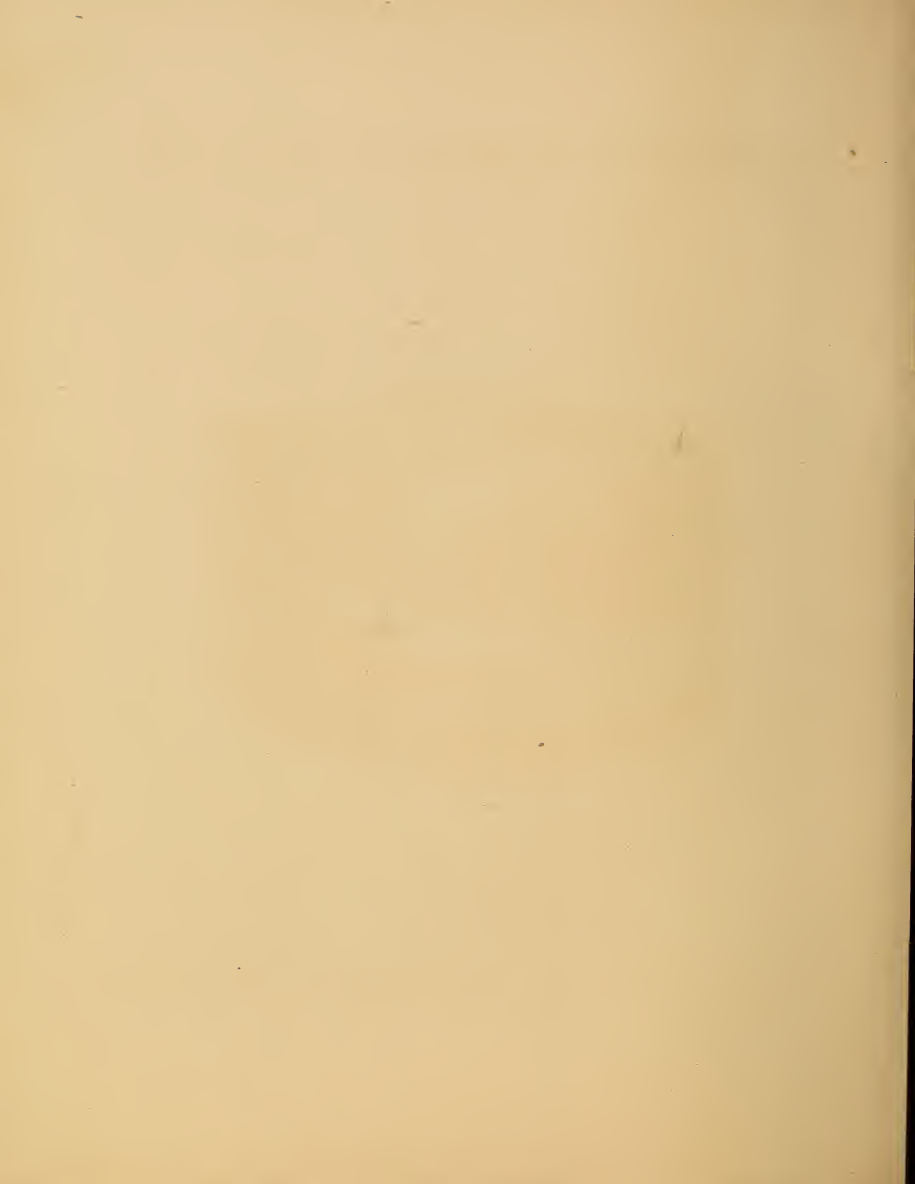
Freely let me take of thee:

Spring thou up within my heart,

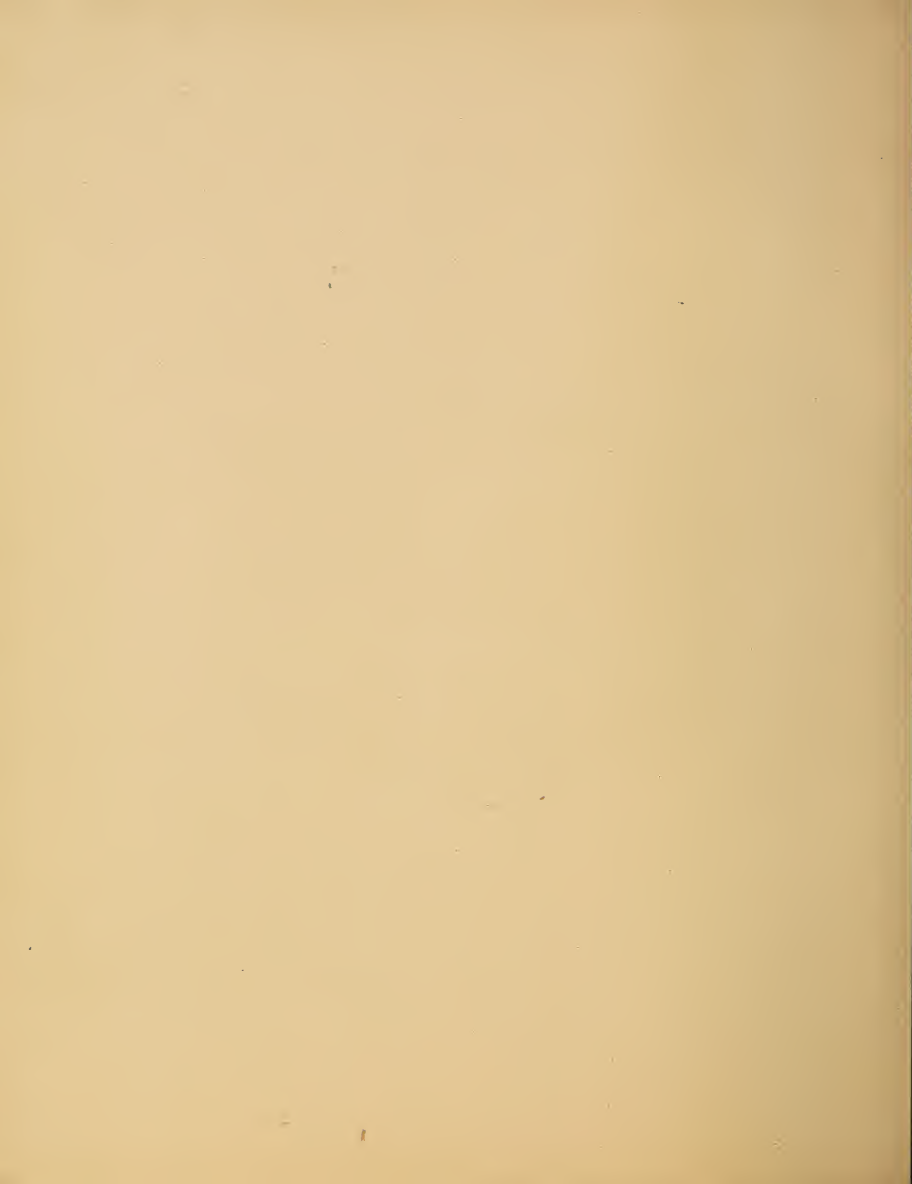
Rise to all eternity!



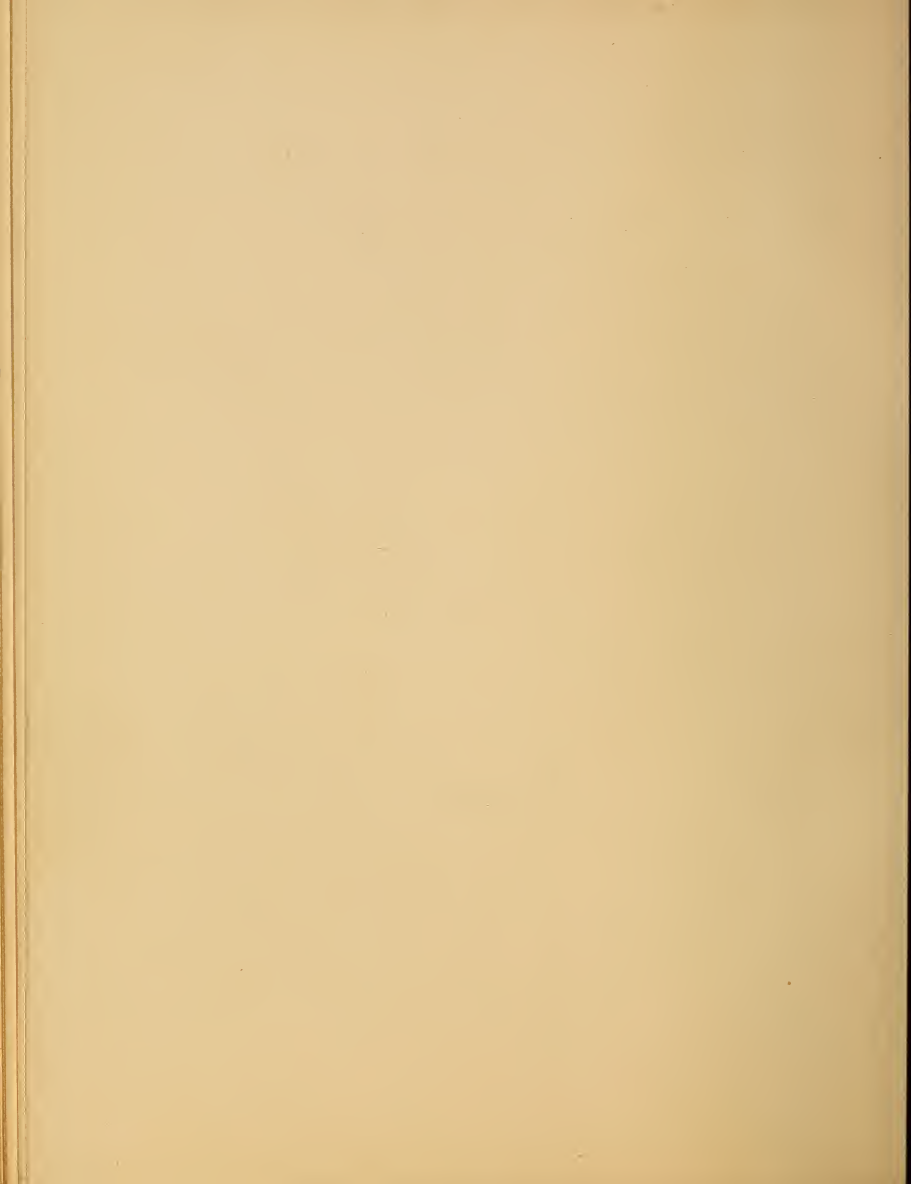


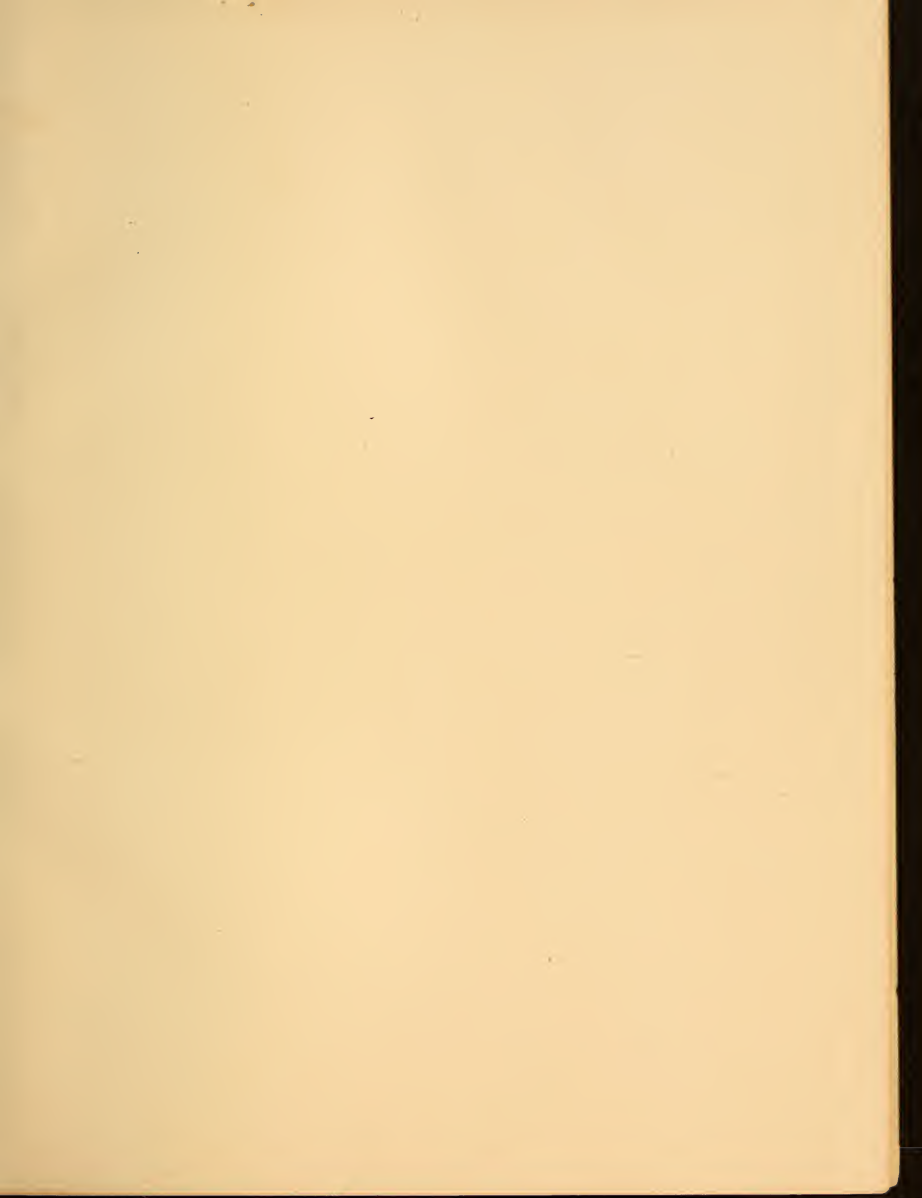


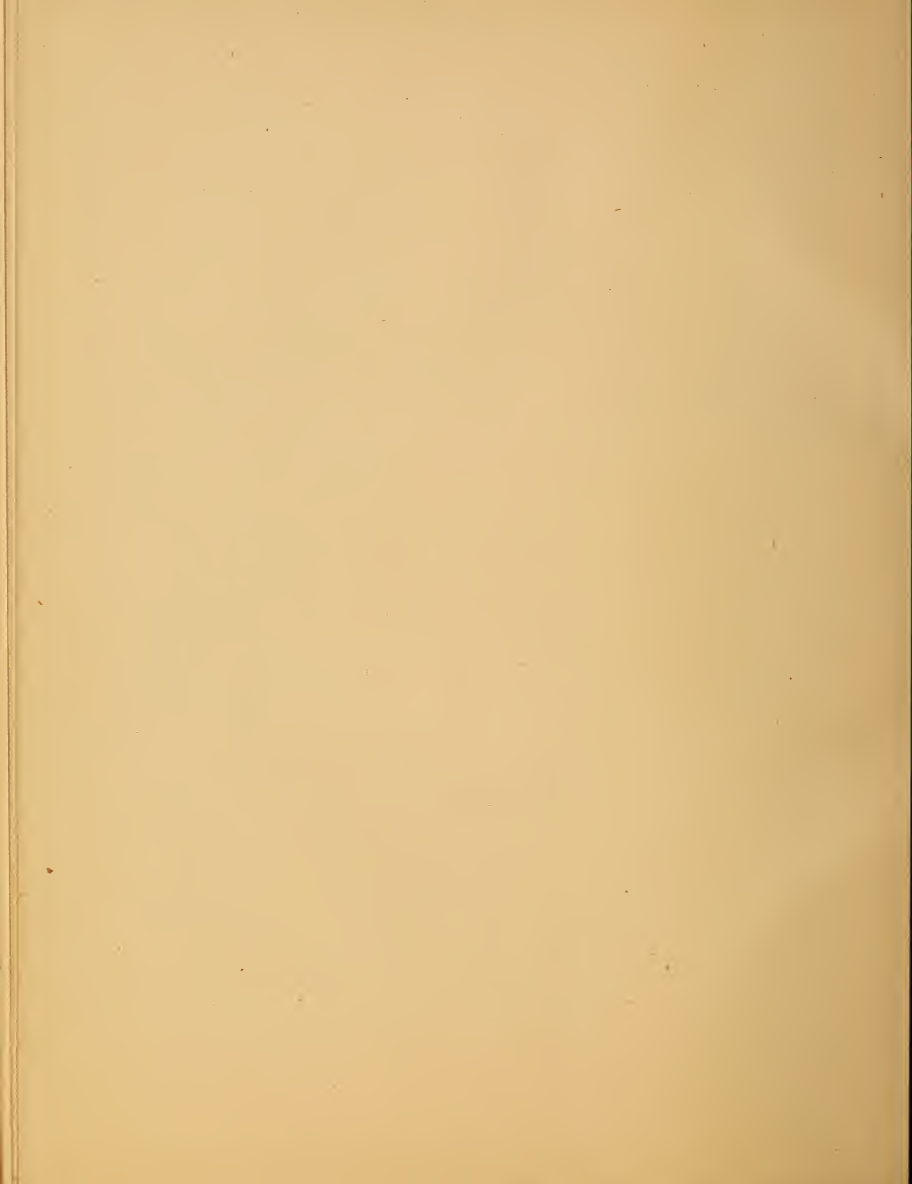










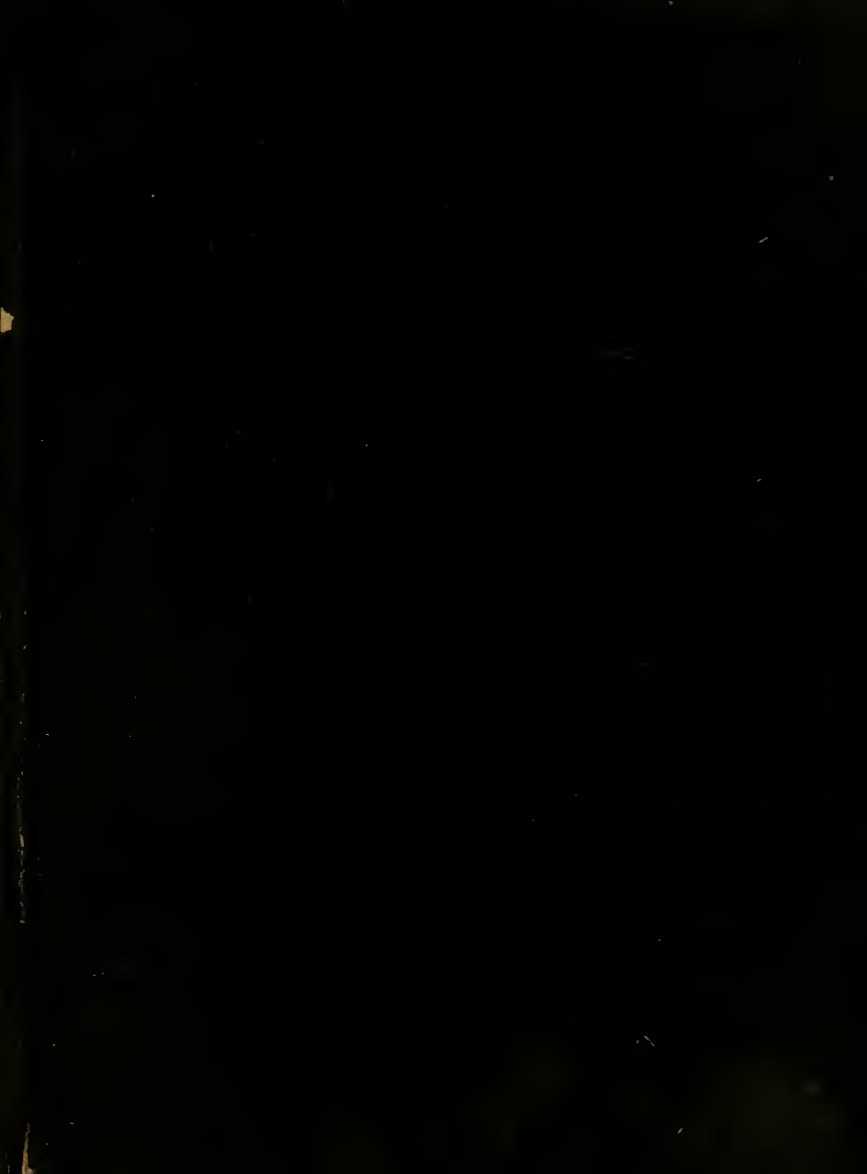


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